

(Akala)

its not a rumour



# Akala - Stand Up Lyrics

---

All my people, wherever in Britain  
Bro I know the flows cold,  
Let me know that you feel it,  
And I know the roads slow but your ready to kill me  
Cause I feel that same pain, hear the lyrics I'm spittin'  
Critics ask why I don't smile, they gotta be kiddin',  
Little kids'll blow your head off, just to say that they did it,  
I'm in the streets one deep, these villains think that I'm slippin', #  
Nah bruv, I don't care bout none of you spitters,  
If your real then your eelin' it,  
Nah, idont give a shit,  
Respect the message nigga, illa state records,  
British flag, yard colours cause tell me where my  
Head is  
First time you saw me, iwas screamin' 'fuck the  
Police',  
Next icame I change the whole game in the streets,  
These wollys still tryna' catch up with ' war', I  
Bang harder,  
Father, 'roll wid us' huh, iain't even started...

'Moss side... stand up... longisght... stand up...  
Hansworth... stand up... aston... stand up  
Newtown... stand up... London... stand up  
Anywhere, everywhere all my people stand up  
St.pauls... stand up... chapelton... stand up...  
Luton... stand up... London... stand up...  
Anywhere, everywhere all my people stand up! '

All my tugs stand up, fist in the sky,  
Girls too... hands high, now your chillin' with I,  
Mr.brazilian, so of course the womaen is feelin'him,  
Lyrics is brilliant, no question, illa state england,  
I ain't watchin' the states neither, their whole  
Shit's tired,  
All the great rappers is either dead or retired,  
All these sappy cunts, talkin' bout bitches n'  
Blunts,  
How much your chain cost, and you bustin' ya gun,  
And you can't spit, your sticks, ya get hang a box in  
The chops,  
Silly boys can't bang with me, fools can't hangwith me,  
Idont relly care unless it's paper or my family.  
Home's this is the roads and there's only one  
Strategy,  
Though I hate my reality, it's just way it has to be,

'Coventry... stand up bradford... stand up...  
Wolftown... stand up... glasgow... stand up  
Cardiff... stand up... London... stand up  
Anywhere everywhere, all my people stand up!

Derby... stand up... leicester... stand up...  
Newcastle stand up... sheffield... stand up...  
Belfast... stand up... London... stand up  
Anywhere, everywhere, all my people stand up! '

I talk alot, but idon't conversate with punks,  
Try so hard to teach but ya man dem are dunce,  
Don't learn when the shit happen,  
Burn when the clap em,  
This is not a perm, but you worms get a relaxin'  
My reaction, only in a street fashion,  
I am not bulletproof- could get my melon  
Splattered,  
So I stay ready, spread positive energy,  
But I know full well couple prars wanna bury me,  
No reason, just cause, that's the negativity,  
How could you be a nigga-not feelin' my delivery?  
Lyrically, my ability, rippin' up killa's viciously,  
Spitter's that wanna mimic me,  
Stickin' them where the spirits be, huh  
Pretty boy akala, move like a ape,  
Skinny, but ipush plates, like I'm fresh off a 8,  
Ah mate, so you relly shoulk sty in ya lane,  
Only spitter on my level got the same last name

# Akala - Yeah Yeah Yeah Lyrics

---

There's a lot of talk, who flow the meanest,  
Work it out = it don't talk agenius,  
I spit my thesis talkin' ceases,  
Rappers act sick and I got the treatment,  
Expose actors, similar to a derringer,  
Your wack tracks ain't got skills,  
Add to that the fact thst your not real,  
Talk bout gats, say make caps peel,  
But they fake raps - you get slapped in ya grill,  
Stop lyin' to buyers, I'm tight as pliers with the science, hahuh,  
The ruffest rhyming, tough as diamonds, fuckin'  
Blindin,  
You must be high as kites',  
Figure you can fuck with the nicest,  
I'm off the scale, like hampstead house prices,  
So hot, the sun seem cold,  
So hot, the flow boil liquid nitro,  
What hearin'- the best thing since bread slice,  
Nigga with charisma, that woulk turn a dike,  
That's why I've had more blows than opponents

[Chorus:]

If he talkin' like he's hard,  
Don't believe him, pull his cards  
Tell him... yeah, yeah, yeah...  
And if your boss is talking shit,  
And you really wanna quit,  
Tell him... yeah, yeah, yeah...  
Anybody, anywhere,  
Chatton rubbish in ya ear,  
Tell him... yeah, yeah, yeah... yeah, yeah,  
Yeah, yeah... '

They say I think I'm the best, I'm far too  
Arrogant,  
I ain't the best = I'm beyond comparison,  
Think ya good, but yaa not,  
Couldn't get close to me inside aphone box,  
Why spit? your whips and your porky-pie'ing,  
Plus your whips and your clips is fiction,  
That much of a killer?  
Why you lyin'? itthink your porky-pie'ing,  
If ya had dough, you should own shit,  
Not buy it - I think your porky-pie'ing,  
Tryna' be g when your soft as peewee,  
That greezy talk see through to stevie,  
I mean it believe me, to me it's easy,

You find it hard, i can hear from your cd,  
I'm the best, can't put it more simple,  
Plus pretty thug, women love the dimples,  
I been had gyal, like saddan or bin laden,  
I'm kinda like a pimp, but no mink dragging,  
A killer's nightmare- like ya ting jamming,  
A skinny little nigga with the heart of a dragon,  
Unstoppavle, mission impossible,  
Logical, I'm the one- ask the oracle,  
Legend like christ and the 12 apostiles,  
Got more lines than whitney's nostrils,

[Chorus]

If you a baller cool, rap about,  
But there's no puffs in england  
So shut ya mouth.  
It amazes me, these rappers are so dumb,  
Get they advance and think they trump,  
See I spit like guns, tongues speed of a chopper,  
I don't really care, you're a shotter,  
You't dem a blow ya brain out,  
Cause ya got ya chain out,  
So what real good is a name now?  
Watch no face, trust me father,  
Young. never bumb. that's not akala.  
The don daddda, dun flow badda,  
Walk tall as a ladder, and italk with sawagger,  
Everything I do, pietry in motion,  
Deep, like apuddle to me is the ocean,  
Cause convulsions, like voodoo potions,  
Ramp with the sultan, I find that insulting,  
That's a nova, racing a ferrari,  
Your little click, takin' on the army,  
Be a legend when I die, like iwas bob marley,  
Marcus garvey or muhammed ali,  
Cause I drap knowledge, like oxford scholars,  
So what real good is a name now?  
Watch no face, trust me father,  
Young, never dumb, that's not akala,  
The don daddda, dun flow badda,  
Walk tall as a ladder, and I talk with swagger,  
Everything ido, poetry in motion,  
Deep, like a puddke to me us the icean,  
Cause cinvulsions, like voodoo potions,  
Ramp with the sultan, ifind thaat insulting,  
That's anova, racing a ferrari,  
Your little click, takin' on the army,  
Be a legend when idie, like I was bob marley,  
Marcus garvey or muhammed ali,  
Not bad, considering I didn't finish college,  
I'm here now, your noise is void,

All you so called ' hot boys ' paranoid,  
No paragraphs parallel, this is paradise,  
I'm a paragon, leave you parasites paralysed,  
My parables parachute here to paraguay,  
It's paramount you don't fuch with I,  
The flow kicker, go - getter,  
Show ripper, pro- spitter, narural- born winner,  
Sicher than liquor in livers,  
Illa then jack - the- ripper killers,  
Give riddim's bigas a gorilla nigga,  
These bitter nigga's bicker,  
But I'm bigger than that.  
I'm tryna' fold figures, big as ' jigga' n' that...  
I'm focused maaan...

[Chorus]

# Akala - The Edge (Mikey J Remix) Lyrics

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Do you never feel like there's something missing?  
Stuck in a role, just playin' your position,  
Even when you scream, it seems no one listens,  
Free as a bird, but it feels like prison,  
Never break tradition, sittin' like it's  
Superstition,  
And your marriage is about as boring as a politician  
Now listen, what you need to do is change the way you livin',  
It's your, don't explain your every decision,  
Whatever your vision, believe and make it happen,  
Look at me, I'm an English rapper,  
It's only one life here.  
Gotta do you bruv,  
I feel marvelous, how about you luv?  
Yeah, I feel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, I feel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, I feel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, I feel good... tell the people...  
Everybody jump over the edge,  
Everybody let go and just feel the music,  
Jump over edge,  
Everybody jump over the edge,  
Everybody jump over the edge,  
Everybody jump!  
Don't know where the edge is,  
I'll explain to you it's fine,  
It's that line or that time,  
Like your boss has been rude to you,  
One too many times,  
Out at night, might just have one too many pints,  
Like when you got ambition and they tell you,  
You can't do it,  
Your body feel the music,  
But you're scared to move to it,  
The edge is where you lose it,  
Jump with me,  
Don't quit your job,  
Take the low road,  
Spit in his tea,  
Drink till your pathetic,  
Till you act like an idiot.  
In the morning you'll regret it,  
Right now it's brilliant,  
As far as your dreams go,  
You just gotta get em,  
And as long as the beat plays,  
Just move to the riddim,

Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, ifeel good... ttell the people...  
    Jump over the edge baby, just  
        Jump over the edge...  
        Come over the edge.  
        To infinite possibilities,  
Sorta like a parallel universe your visiting,  
But it's here on earth from the prison to the  
    Villages,  
Open up your mind and you feel limitless,  
    Don't let them tell you what is real,  
        They don't realistically,  
        They said einstein was dumb,  
        How come he thought of relativity?  
Thet just despicable, miserable individuals,  
    And every single syllable, they uttering,  
        Is cynical, it's typical,  
        Don't sit down waitin on a miracle,  
Jump like jordan, like your tryna' reach the  
    Pinnacle,  
        It's only one life here,  
        Gotta doyou bruv.  
I feel marvelous, how about you luv?  
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, ifeel good... ttell the people...



# Akala - Shakespeare Lyrics

---

Nigga Listen,  
When I spit on the rhythm I kill 'em,  
Raw like the ball of Brazillians,  
You don't want war, cor, the kid's brilliant,  
Blud, I'm the heir to the throne, not William,  
Akala, smart as King Arthur  
Darker, harder, faster  
Rasclaat, I kick that illa shit  
It's like Shakespeare, with a nigga twist.  
Lyricist, I'm the best on the road  
Nitro flow, oh so cold I'mma blow yo  
Keep the hoes, I only want dough homes  
Nobody close, I'm alone in my own zone  
No no no love for the po-po  
Loco when I rock mic solo  
I hope that you know, where you don't go though  
Want it with Bolo? Must be Coco.  
It's William, back from the dead  
But I rap about gats and I'm black instead  
It's Shakespeare, reincarnated  
Except I spit flows and strip hoes naked  
No fakin', test my blood bruv  
It's William, just back as a tug cuz  
So real the shit I kick now  
Plus I don't write, I recite my shit now  
Straight from the top, expert timing  
On top of that now the whole thing's rhyming  
No more tights, now jeans sagging  
If I say so myself, I'm much more handsome.  
Don't ever compare me to rappers  
I'm so quick-witted that I split 'em like fractions  
My shit, I tell 'em like this  
It's like Shakespeare with a nigga twist

I get you pumped up  
Feelin' like you drunk drunk  
When my beats bump bump  
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now  
All the shit I kick so crazy  
There ain't no ifs or maybes  
Spit poetry so shady  
For lords on road and my hood ladies  
Pumped up  
Feelin' like you drunk drunk  
When my beats bump bump  
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now  
All the shit I kick so crazy

There ain't no ifs or maybes  
Spit poetry so shady  
For lords on road and my hood ladies

I'm similar to William, but a little different  
I do it for kids that's illiterate, not Elizabeth  
Stuck on the road, faces screwed up  
Feel like the world spat 'em out and they chewed up  
It's a matrix, I try and explain it  
But on a real thoe still ready blaze em  
No contradiction just face it  
They so enslaved, they are worse than a agent  
I grace stages, sharp as razors  
Don't get cut cuz, keep ya distance  
No artillery, tryna' be militant  
Ya'll dudes killin' me, think that ya killin' it  
Its embarrassing watchin you babblin  
Keep spittin ya darts, mine is javelins  
The hood Tiger Woods too milly  
Number 1 for so long, its just getting' silly  
Shit kinda like Bruce wit da knuckles  
Like the first time ya ever saw Ali shuffle  
You don't trouble, left layin in a puddle  
Bruv you are havin' a bubble  
I'ma whole different kettle of fish  
Thou shall not fuck with dis  
My shit, I tell em like this  
Its like Shakespeare with a nigger twist

I get you pumped up  
Feelin' like you drunk drunk  
When my beats bump bump  
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now  
All the shit I kick so crazy  
There ain't no ifs or maybes  
Spit poetry so shady  
For lords on road and my hood ladies  
Pumped up  
Feelin' like you drunk drunk  
When my beats bump bump  
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now  
All the shit I kick so crazy  
There ain't no ifs or maybes  
Spit poetry so shady  
For lords on road and my hood ladies

To be fair, no MC close to the man  
Little just come yout's jumpin out of they pram  
Everybody badman, behind a mic stand  
Its not creative, one bag of hype, and  
If you buss a ting, where's the mash?  
Move so much food? Where's the cats?

These dudes ain't real, they just rap  
I don't spit what I don't know  
Just the facts  
No talks of rocks I ain't sold  
Shots I ain't blown  
So cold and I know my own  
My business ridiculous  
Sick with it, quick witted  
Companies head to head an I liquidate it  
Welcome to illa state, meet ya fate mate  
Talk truth but we don't play games  
Move sick, look sample techno  
Never pull a ting, if it ain't gonna let go  
That's that, rap track  
Clap ya like a black gat  
Back chat, crack back  
I'm the nigga, that's that  
The rest of these kids is irrelevant  
Don't compare me to him  
That's just beggin' it  
I'm on my own shit  
Dicks ain't spit  
Its no democracy, dictatorship  
So dicks hate my shit  
I'm sick, raise ya spliff  
Im swift, blaze em quick  
My hits, major shit  
I flip phrases quick  
My sick razor shit  
Give thick grazes quick  
And chicks say he's cris  
It's not a rumour  
That kid Akala  
It's not "Ack-a-la", beg ya pardon  
Don't get it twisted  
Your on the sideline like a mistress  
I'm the whizzkid, with the sick shit  
My shit, I tell em like this  
It's like Shakespeare, with a nigga twist  
I get you pumped up  
Feelin' like you drunk drunk  
When my beats bump bump  
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now  
All the shit I kick so crazy  
There ain't no ifs or maybes  
Spit poetry so shady  
For lords on road and my hood ladies  
Pumped up  
Feelin' like you drunk drunk  
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Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now  
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There ain't no ifs or maybes  
Spit poetry so shady  
For lords on road and my hood ladies  
I get you pumped up  
Feelin' like you drunk drunk  
When my beats bump bump  
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now  
All the shit I kick so crazy  
There ain't no ifs or maybes  
Spit poetry so shady  
For lords on road and my hood ladies

# Akala - Carried Away Lyrics

---

Another hearse roll up slow,  
Carry one more poor lost soul,  
Carry them things every single day  
Cause it makes him feel safe  
Cause he carry on them ways, screw face  
Love the game-reppin' his estate,  
Talk tough look straight in his face,  
Carrying deep pain self-hate,  
Carry fam, so he carry weight,  
It's logical daddy got carried away,  
Not married away, just didn't stay  
Coward carried his son to this fate,  
His boys carrying weight in a wooden box can't stand straight,  
They was getting outta the game,  
But look fate she don't wait  
Now the woman in the front row, her face t show no pain,  
But her brain went insane on the day the news came,  
Stare into space, face numb,  
The boy getting carried, she carried 9 months

[Chorus:]

When this world strip me naked, I turn and  
I face it,  
And really believe I have the strength to change it,  
I'm crazy, it's blatant sometimes I get carried away  
When this world strip me naked, I turn and I face it,  
And really believe I have the strength to change it,  
I'm crazy, it's blatant sometimes I get carried away

One more body bag getting carried back,  
From the war zone where they carry straps,  
Where little kids is attacking tanks cause they carry no fear of the man,  
All they know here is they land  
And a hero, gotta make a stand,  
So they roll cold with it in their hand,  
Let bang on the big bad man,  
But this particular soldier never move colder  
Never enrolled to blow no homes up  
Felt that life had carried him under  
Chose to phone the number  
The army gives you training,  
Nothing they say could really explain it,  
Sign them t papers, enslavement,  
Now you're a tool to carry their hatred,  
Rob, steal, strip a nation  
All he wanted was qualifications  
So he could carry his family places,

Better than those that he was raised in  
Never really thought, he'd ever have to go to war,  
Now who's gonna tell his kids daddy can't carry them no more

[Chorus]

# Akala - This is London Lyrics

---

The place where ya find the coldest  
ballers you ever seen,  
but they locked up or dead, not in the  
premier league,  
best kid that I knew turned feind by 16,  
it seems things never the way you see in ya  
dreams,  
years past, tears start, kids turn to teens,  
that sweet child you knew, grill dun turn mean,  
daddy left him and reality set in, there's  
no cream,  
and it's embarrassing goin school with  
holes in ya jeans,  
so you know the cycle, it's little bags of green,  
get expelled and sell the world hell by 16,  
fuck a couple pristine chicks that suck dick mean,  
couple bottles of cris sipped and wrist slit mean,  
and it's logical, lucky niggas do time that's horrible,  
catch the flipside and ya speak with the oracle,  
it's fucked up yeah, but that's just how it is,  
and aint nuttin' on these roads gonna change but the clip,

## Chorus

This is London,  
black tugs bust big slugs,  
This is London,  
give ya fuckin' punks tough love,  
This is London,  
single mums dat pump drugs,  
This is London, Bruva this is London

(London calling...)

The place where it don't matter if you  
never sold a shot,  
Never run up on a nigga like "gimme what you got",  
Get ya brain sprayed on the pave, in front of the rave,  
No reason, other than niggas is  
frustrated,  
So many catchin cases, over screw faces,  
And dumb shit, like we come from different places,  
London, get ya shit smoked like a chalice,  
Same city, different planet, from  
Buckingham Palace,  
Where young tugs is clutchin' big straps  
that's Russian,  
And dyin' to buss it, what the fuck good is

discussions?

Where hood rats is suckin, any dick that  
push a nice sumthin',  
And them said gyal'a get you set like ya  
life's nuthin',  
Coz life's nuthin', that's just how it is,  
And there ain't nuthin on these roads  
gonna change but the clip,

Chorus

The place where you don't fuck with the  
Turks or the Asians,  
Triads, pikey's, even Caucasians,  
Where them cockney boys will chiv your  
face, you mug,  
No love, every colour mentality thug,  
But we take it to a whole 'nother level,  
Little girls gettin' shot in the back is not  
clever,  
Never far from the hood, even in the  
sticks,  
Couple wrong turns, get dash out ya whip,  
By some little skinny kid, think he big with  
the chrome,  
They said he'd be the next Ian Wright but  
the skunk said no,  
In this place, if you work you're an idiot,  
Most of the smartest muthafuckers  
illiterate,  
Coz tax is a bitch, take half of ya pension,  
Just to fight war, now they want  
congestion,  
And they wonder why we all goin insane,  
This is London, tell me is your city the  
same?

Chorus



# Akala - Bullshit Lyrics

---

It's all bullshit  
We invaded Iraq cause we were checkin  
That's bullshit  
If they had weapons we would have kept stepping  
Bullshit  
Saddam would have bus it with no question  
No bullshit  
Pretty much every rap record  
Now that's bullshit  
Black boys killin eachother  
Now that's bullshit  
Especially cause it's over nothing  
Now that's bullshit  
I rep my ends and I'm thuggin  
Now that's bullshit  
Look at what we do to our mothers  
Now that's bullshit  
Bullshit Politicians talk never do shit  
It's bullshit  
All of what they feed us in the news  
It is bullshit  
Plus what they teach us in the schools  
It is bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
Bullshit  
Politicians talk never do shit  
It's bullshit  
All of what they feed us in the news  
It is bullshit  
Plus what they teach us in the schools  
It is bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
BULLSHIT  
They rob the third world of every cent  
Now that's bullshit  
Now you got third world debt  
Now that's bullshit  
You get your cheque there's never nothing left  
Now that's bullshit  
Then you pay tax on what you spend  
Now that's bullshit  
Then you even gotta pay tax on your pension  
Now that's bullshit  
They still wanna take your inheritance  
Now that's bullshit

English kids rappin American  
Now that's bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
Extending the congestion charge Now that's bullshit  
Never fuckin nowhere to park  
Now that's bullshit  
Most of what you learn in class  
Now that's bullshit  
Especially regarding the past  
Now that's bullshit  
Men beating up on their spouse  
Now that's bullshit  
Rockin jewels but you ain't got a house  
Now that's bullshit  
Every single syllable that come out your mouth  
Now that's bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
Bullshit  
Politicians talk never do shit  
It's bullshit  
All of what they feed us in the news  
It is bullshit  
Plus what they teach us in the schools  
It is bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
Bullshit  
Politicians talk never do shit  
It's bullshit  
All of what they feed us in the news  
It is bullshit  
Plus what they teach us in the schools  
It is bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
Pull me over 5 times in a day  
Now that's bullshit  
And I got attitude if I have something to say  
Now that's bullshit  
The wage MPs get paid  
Now that's bullshit  
They won't give firefighters a raise  
Now that's bullshit  
Football fans monkey sounds  
Now that's bullshit  
Black players that didn't speak out  
Now that's bullshit  
White players that didn't speak out  
Now that's bullshit  
The war's bullshit

It's all bullshit  
Places where kids can't eat  
Now that's bullshit  
But AK47s are free  
Now that's bullshit  
Here you go fight for me  
Now that's bullshit  
And I'll take the minerals please  
Now that's bullshit  
Traffic wardens getting commission  
Now that's bullshit  
The motherfuckin weather in Britain  
Now that's bullshit  
All them weak raps that your spittin  
Now that's bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
Bullshit  
Politicians talk never do shit  
It's bullshit  
All of what they feed us in the news  
It is bullshit  
Plus what they teach us in the schools  
It is bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
Bullshit  
Politicians talk never do shit  
It's bullshit  
All of what they feed us in the news  
It is bullshit  
Plus what they teach us in the schools  
It is bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
AIDS comes from Africans fuckin a monkey  
Now that's bullshit  
Farrakhan banned from the country  
Now that's bullshit  
Rapists come here and it's lovely  
Now that's bullshit  
What the fuck is wrong with our government?  
Now that's bullshit  
Paedophiles get light sentence  
Now that's bullshit  
Ask yourself why they defend them  
Now that's bullshit  
Broke niggaz flossin with benzes  
Now that's bullshit

# Akala - Roll Wid Us Lyrics

---

It's my time like it or not gotta ride  
Can't fight,  
This thing'll take you with it like a landslide  
My mind spitting rhymes refined as old wines  
No games since age 5 I hold mine  
Never fell for the spells  
They tell in this world  
I read Malcolm, you was learning to spell  
I took exams early with the geeks in the school  
Opened a business,  
You were still chasing your balls  
I spent my teens sticking but I'm one of Britain's best mathematicians  
Official, I got the certificate  
So however you want it kid  
We could do scholarship politics  
Or the opposite,  
War with hollow tips No supathug, just I don't fear, why would I?  
You bleed like me and breathe the same air  
I got a purpose on this earth  
And I ain't ready to go  
So if I gotta send you first then let it be so

[Hook:]

Roll wid us or get rolled over [x3]  
It's time now the wait is over  
Roll wid us or get rolled over [x3]  
It's time now the wait is over

It's bigger than the music  
It's more like a movement  
A unit a trueness spreading like rumours  
They foolish, say I can't do it they doubt  
Cause we acorns now  
Just watch out for the tree that sprouts  
When it does, remember I told you  
I'm going from local to global  
Poor and hopeful  
From glueing back shoes  
Cause they showing my toes through  
To owning shoe companies  
And yards on the coastal  
If you real grab on, I'm taking the fam with me  
But hold on tight cause we movin real swiftly  
Fakes can't stop my flight  
Not your life that's like  
Trying to fight atomic war with a knife  
Fight like mike with control not physically

If ignorance is bliss that explain my misery  
I'm clear in my vision b, solve your mystery  
Compete with me you get whitewashed like black history

[Hook]

[Bridge:]

It's not all gravy, man dem is shady  
Tings is crazy but that don't phase me  
It's not all gravy, man dem is shady  
Tings is crazy but that don't phase me  
Get yours, there's only one life to live  
You gotta feed your kids, you gotta eat real big  
Young soldier you can do whatever you want to  
And no one out there can stop you  
Not sure just watch me for practice  
In these board meetings  
Taking cheese off crackers  
You actors are not factors, I see the bluff  
Cause you sell crack  
It does not mean that you're tough  
It's the matrix and it's blatant you paper thugs are not ready yet  
For getting unplugged  
Grown man still talking like:  
'You know who I am, where I'm from'  
Bredren what the fuck are you on?  
Telling the world who you shot  
And what are you earning,  
When you get popped that will not stop it from burning  
So it's worthless, you gots to be a soldier  
Watch me grind  
You'll understand it as you get older  
Nothing pretty but when I do things the job's over  
Never stick at that critical moment, I'm potent  
I'm focused, you jokers can't see me  
I feel like a marksman at point blank  
It is too easy

# Akala - Cold Lyrics

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Can I take you back for a minute  
I live it I'm spillin my spirit  
On the beat like streets cold as blizzards  
Late night drownin' my sorrow in a bottle of spirits  
Was a sweet child, that characters missing No trace  
Now it's bora in coat and screw face  
Colder, soldier, angry young male  
Don't ask how, you already know the tale  
Never lived with my father  
Nasty break up with my mum and her partner  
And of course, times was harder  
Moms did her best with the strength she could muster  
But she so stressed it was us that would suffer  
Plus school teachers hate me, say that I'm feisty  
Play all kinda mind games to try break me  
Helped turn a innocent kid, into a ignorant pig  
Fuck em anyway, I still got straight A's  
Winter was real, no gas  
I went to bed in full clothing  
Back when my world was closing in and mom was sick  
I can't explain the pain when the news came  
Sorta like the blizzard that came after the rain  
My mind was a prison, I visioned the worst  
Ran home from school, wanted to get there first  
Didn't want either of my sisters, to find what I pictured  
Moms was too strong, she just soldiered on  
Don't think I don't understand  
But I still had to learn how to be a man  
Standing on my own two, not the way you supposed to  
Funny how the cycle repeats  
Nobody showed you, Wouldn't believe I told you what I had to go through  
Pressure couldn't fold me, but turnt my heart cold G  
What don't kill you make you strong supposedly  
That must be why nobody can hold me  
Yeah I had a struggle, but really it's sugar-coated  
When you think of all the millions barely living and hopeless  
In the news Mother and child, bellies bloated  
Put yourself in their shoes, knowin' death is approaching  
But it's not fate, it's bait, they were thrown in  
The deep end of the endless ocean of mans sin  
Politics, religion, man philosophize  
Got technology and television  
Still don't know why the worlds a weight on top of your shoulders  
But we fold up, true we can't hold up them boulders  
I been through the shit, but came out like roses  
I'm blessed, don't ever think I don't notice  
I know I got a path, but it's hard to stay focused

Specially on these roads, where foes are like roaches  
Foul and I crush em and I won't even notice  
If I lose my way, I just want you to know this